

## EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

### TRIBUTE TO DANNIE STEPHENS

#### HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize and congratulate Dannie Stephens of Creston, Iowa, for his induction into the Creston High School Hall of Fame.

Dannie attended Creston High School in the late 1960s and was a varsity letterman, qualifying for the state wrestling tournament in 1968. Dannie began his teaching career in 1974, and in 1980 he returned to Creston to teach and coach wrestling. Dannie has had a lasting impact on his students both in the classroom and in the gym, challenging and encouraging students to do their best and dream big. He is recognized throughout the community as a teacher who was, and continues to be, committed to making a difference in each of his students' lives.

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to represent Dannie in the United States Congress and to have the opportunity to recognize him today. I ask that all of my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives join me in congratulating Dannie for his achievements and in wishing him nothing but continued success.

### RECOGNIZING THE FAIRFAX COUNTY REDEVELOPMENT AND HOUSING AUTHORITY ON ITS 50TH ANNIVERSARY

#### HON. GERALD E. CONNOLLY

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CONNOLLY. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the Fairfax County Redevelopment and Housing Authority (FCRHA) on the occasion of its 50th anniversary.

Since 1966 the FCRHA has served the residents of Fairfax County by working to ensure that affordable housing is available to all who qualify. While this is admittedly a tall order and has only become more difficult over time, the FCRHA and the County's Department of Housing and Community Development have worked tirelessly to accomplish this laudable goal. In addition to their efforts to preserve and increase availability of affordable and workforce housing, the FCRHA and the HCD also oversee the community revitalization plans adopted by Fairfax County.

As a former member and Chairman of the Fairfax County Board of Supervisors, I can attest firsthand to the importance of the work carried out by both of these organizations. During my time as Chairman of the Board, I was proud to work with the FCRHA to preserve over 1,000 affordable housing units in Fairfax County. Despite the economic prosperity we have experienced in Fairfax, we can-

not allow this to obscure the very real fact that there are thousands in our community who still struggle to put a roof over their heads. Fortunately, that same prosperity has enabled the County to help ensure that all of its residents have access to safe and affordable housing.

Since its founding, the FCRHA has grown from owning less than 250 affordable housing units in 1972 to over 3,000 units in 2016. In addition, FCRHA administers more than 3,500 Housing Choice Vouchers, serving nearly 20,000 Fairfax County residents and has provided in excess of \$500 million in bonds for both for-profit and non-profit housing developers.

Its efforts have not gone unnoticed. In 2012, the Department of Housing and Urban Development designated the FCRHA as a "Moving-to-Work" agency in recognition of its efforts in the field of affordable housing. This is due in no small part to the leadership of its Chairman, Robert "Bob" Schwaninger. I commend him for that leadership and congratulate him on the success of FCRHA.

Mr. Speaker, Fairfax County remains one of the best places in the country in which to live, work and raise a family. It has retained that distinction due in large part to the high quality of life enjoyed by all of its residents. What has always struck me about this community, and what I have always considered a key metric of civic health, is the degree to which this community gives back to those who are less fortunate. The commitment and effort to end homelessness and provide affordable and workforce housing options is just one examples of the generous spirit of Fairfax County, its employees, volunteers, and residents.

I ask my colleagues to join me in thanking the FCRHA for its important work, in congratulating it on its 50th anniversary, and in wishing the organization great success in all future endeavors.

### RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AFFECTED BY THE NATIONAL OPIOID EPIDEMIC

#### HON. ANN M. KUSTER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal stories of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire I have learned so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehen-

sive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington and I am proud to preserve their stories.

JAMES R. MASCIAntonio, Jr.—INDIAN SHORES, FLORIDA

James R. Masciantonio, Jr. (Jim) was born November 27, 1984. He was beautiful inside and out and a true gentleman. Jim was kind, loving, intelligent, and could always make me laugh with his witty sense of humor and contagious laughter.

Jim was first put in ice skates at the age of three, and he went on to play ice hockey all through high school. Jim excelled at everything he tried. He had an unbelievable ability to totally recall life events, movie quotes, and sport statistics—he was a walking encyclopedia. Jim also had a true gift of writing narratives and an imagination to write creatively. He was later given the opportunity to conduct interviews for the cagejunkies.com, which reports on MMA and UFC News; this job was a true highlight in Jim's life.

Unfortunately, Jim had the dreadful disease of addiction, coupled with bipolar disorder. Jim first started using marijuana at the age of 11 and graduated to heroin by 17. He finally found recovery in 2009, at the age of 26, and was dedicated to the program. Soon after, Jim fell in love and fathered a child in May of 2010. He was a proud, dedicated, wonderful, and loving father—filled with goals and dreams for his son.

In February 2011, Jim needed to have surgery. In the following months, Jim's recovery slowly became no longer a priority, due to dealing with stresses caused by pain from his surgery, demands of work, and family life. By December 2011, his girlfriend requested for him to leave their home—separating Jim from his son. From that day Jim was heartbroken, defeated, and lost, as he struggled to get back on the path to recovery. There were countless hurdles and obstacles he had to overcome and, like the warrior he was, he tried his hardest.

The system failed Jim repeatedly. From the time he was 18, Jim was in over 35 treatment centers. The Florida County Drug Court, created to give my son an opportunity for recovery, ended up making his life worse. On February 24, 2015, Jim suffered his first overdose on heroin. The paramedics worked on him for an hour, finally taking him to a Florida hospital that allowed him to leave against medical advice (AMA) after an hour of being there. His family was never contacted or told about this incident. Three days later, on February 27th, Jim was found alone in a motel after injecting heroin but this time the heroin was laced with fentanyl.

Jim was clean and sober for six months prior to these incidents.

MILES ANTHONY MCENTEE—AUSTIN, TEXAS

Miles was everything a parent could ask for in a son. He was sensitive and caring. He loved animals and they loved him. He enjoyed music and fishing; particularly ice fishing with his dad and stepmom. He was a passionate skateboarder and was very good at it. Miles was close to his cousins and younger sister, Taylor.

• This "bullet" symbol identifies statements or insertions which are not spoken by a Member of the Senate on the floor.

Matter set in this typeface indicates words inserted or appended, rather than spoken, by a Member of the House on the floor.

While in high school, Miles experienced serious pain, which stemmed from breaking the scaphoid bone in his wrist. He celebrated his 21st birthday in a hospital bed, recovering from surgery. Even after three surgical procedures, Miles still had considerable pain and very limited range of motion in his wrist. Miles started a "Go Fund Me" campaign to raise money for physical therapy and to hopefully see another doctor but it never happened; he was all out of money.

Miles then discovered a cheap alternative for his pain relief, black tar heroin, and soon the pain didn't matter anymore. Things got out of hand very quickly. Miles lost jobs, wrecked his car and moved into the dining room of his mother's one bedroom apartment. His mother knew that as long as he was under her roof, she knew he was safe. His mother spent countless sleepless nights worrying about him riding his bike or skateboarding home from work in the middle of the night.

As she looks back over the year or so he lived with her, things were mostly wonderful. We were very close. We had a similar sense of humor and shared many laughs. He was my best friend and always did his best to make sure his mama was okay. He made sure I had food everyday. Many nights, Miles would bring home pizza on the bus after his shift working at a pizza parlor: We would talk, eat and laugh. We loved watching storms together—Miles dreamed of being a meteorologist, something he was never able to become due to his addiction.

In a very short time Miles became addicted. He told his mother he wanted to stop using because of the challenges that came with it and many of his friends were dying. They did not have the money to get him into treatment.

After a while, things seemed to be getting better for Miles. He moved into an apartment with his sister. She was not aware he was using heroin. On the morning of June 2, 2015, Miles' sister woke up and found Miles in his room. He was already gone. Just 18 days before his 25th birthday.

LAWRENCE (LARRY) MCNEILL—NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Larry McNeill was amazing, charming, funny, popular and a extremely talented drummer. Larry was very close with his twin sister. They planned out their lives together. When they were very little and said their prayers at night, they used to ask God if they could "go to heaven at the same time" because they couldn't stand the thought of either one of them having to live without the other.

Larry's sister received a phone call the night Larry overdosed and was told that he wasn't going to make it. When Larry died, a big part of her died with him. All of their hopes, their dreams; she had lost her best friend. Larry struggled with drugs for many years but it was their family secret. They had nowhere to go to for help and didn't know what to do. They lived in fear—knowing that Larry was going to die and there wasn't anything they could do about it.

Larry had a son, (he was one year old when Larry died) who was then adopted and raised by his sister. At the age of fourteen, his son started smoking weed and couldn't stop. Larry's sister wasn't going to let this happen again. She was able to get help and he went into a residential treatment program. Today he is clean and sober and Larry's sister is proud of him.

Because of everything that the Popper family had been through, Larry's sister shares his story with as many families as possible—they need to know that they are not alone in this. Families need to know that they can get help for their loved ones

who are struggling with this disease. Larry's sister works in advertising and has created anti-drug commercials for ONDCP and The Partnership for Drug Free Kids. She has also been a Parent Coach for the Partnership, helping families that call their hotline. She wants to do whatever she can to ensure that no family goes through what her family did.

BRIAN MENDELL—NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Brian was a loving child, full of smiles and light. Like so many children, as he entered his teenage years, Brian tried marijuana. And like far too many, this led to experimentation with drugs to which he became addicted. For almost ten years, Brian battled the disease of addiction and struggled through its cycle of shame, isolation and failure. During that same time, Brian's father and family were also fighting to navigate the complex and confusing web of treatment programs and therapies. If you know someone who has struggled with addiction, you know all too well the pain and anguish of watching a loved one in the clutches of this disease.

Through it all, Brian remained loving and compassionate, and expressed that no one should have to suffer through this devastating disease. During a visit home in the summer of 2011, Brian and his father were sitting on the back porch one night when Brian spoke about the stigma of addiction and the shame he felt:

Dad, 300 years ago they burned women on stakes in Salem, Massachusetts because they thought they were witches. Later they learned they weren't and stopped. Someday, people will realize that I have a disease and that I am trying my hardest.

This turned out to be Brian's last visit home. Four months later, in the middle of the night on October 20, 2011, Brian's father got the call that is every parent's worst nightmare. Brian was dead.

Brian's passing was, and continues to be, excruciatingly painful for his father. Perhaps just as tragic is the fact that it was not just the physical addiction that claimed Brian's life, but also the shame that Brian felt every morning when he opened his eyes and felt the weight of this disease. That same shame led Brian to wake up that morning in October, research suicide notes online, light a candle and take his own life. He died alone.

Brian died of a disease that afflicts more than 22 million Americans every day, as well as tens of millions of family members that love them. That's one quarter of American families. Over 370 people die every day from addiction related causes, shattering countless lives. Like Brian, the majority of those with substance abuse disorder (nearly 8 out of 10) develop this disease before they turn 18 while their brains are still developing. We, as a society, are not protecting our children when they are most vulnerable to becoming addicted and unable to protect themselves. Evidence-based methodologies exist that could have saved Brian and countless others like him, but they are not being implemented in our communities and schools.

Addiction should be treated like the chronic disease it is. Communities should be offering evidence-based and tangible resources for prevention, treatment and recovery. As a society, we need to foster tolerance and compassion, and dismantle the discrimination and judgment associated with this devastating disease.

ZACHARY (ZACH) MORGAN—PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Zachary (Zach) Morgan struggled with drug addiction, went through rehabilitation, relapsed after a period of sobriety, continued to battle his addiction, and ultimately lost his life in a drug-related shooting in 2009. He is more than just one of the 129 people who are losing their lives to this epidemic.

Zach was the oldest of three siblings. He always seemed to be saving or hugging just about everyone. Zach took his "cool older brother" persona into high school too. He was a member of the National Honor Society, active in youth group, a community volunteer, and a lifeguard. He swam and played football, basketball and golf. Zach was someone people felt they could talk to because he was understanding and compassionate. He always had a big grin, an open mind and the best hugs.

In high school, Zach became friends with a group of kids who he thought would relieve him of the "good kid" labels. At 15, this group of friends introduced Zach to marijuana. Despite our open household and the ease of conversation within our family, Zach began to use marijuana more frequently, which led him to become closed off and secretive. After Zach was arrested for drug possession at the age of 16, his parents decided to place him into rehabilitation at 17 and moved him to a different high school. This transition was difficult for the entire family. At home, Zach found himself in a new family dynamic and at school, he had new friends, new classes, and new dress codes.

As Zach's addiction hung over his family, they decided it would be best to move to Arizona for a fresh start. Around the time of the big move, Zach began to spend time with the same group of friends that had gotten him into trouble in the first place. He started using drugs again, and his drug use followed to Arizona.

After a combination of several police visits, calls from the high school and strange visitors—my brother left our home and dropped out of high school before graduation. He moved to Flagstaff, which is well-known in Arizona for its drug scene. On December 23, 2009, Zach was shot and killed by a fellow heroin user. His entire family was shattered and in the midst of their grief, they had to go through the grueling process of a trial against Zach's murderer. Zach was only 21 years old.

ADAM J. NOLAN—CHARDON, OHIO

Adam J. Nolan, whom was raised by his grandmother, Carole, passed away on November 17, 2012, from a heroin overdose. Adam would have been 20 years old the following month. Adam was a very talented musician and artist. He could make friends with anyone and was very well liked among his peers. Adam was an absolute joy to be around when he was not using heroin.

Adam had been in treatment many times and participated in various Intensive Outpatient Programs (IOPs); he received just about every kind of treatment that was available at the time. After being out of jail for almost three weeks, Adam tried hard not to respond to the calling of the drug but, in the end, it was too much for him to resist.

On November 17th, Carole received a call from the local hospital saying that Adam had been taken there. When she arrived at the hospital, Carole found out that Adam was already dead; he died in another heroin user's house after falling asleep in a chair.

The day Adam died he had come home for a shower and Carole took him back to the house he was staying at. Before she dropped him off, Adam told her he wished he could go around to schools and tell kids: "Do not take heroin, not even one time; as it is the worst thing in the world. It hooks you in even the first time." When Carole dropped him off, she told Adam that she loved him; two hours later Adam was gone. He never got the opportunity to tell his story, but maybe his death can be used to stop someone who is thinking of trying heroin for the first time.

Adam was very much loved and is greatly missed.

CORA MARIE O'LEARY—PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND

Cora Marie O'Leary was born on October 5, 1994. She was her parents second child and first daughter. Growing up, Cora was so fun. She was spunky and never wanted to be like the "in" crowd; she danced to her own beat. We knew early on she would be special. Cora learned the love of reading, along with her brother, as I read to them every night before bed. Her love of reading became something very special between her and I. One of my favorite memories is when we went to one of Jodi Picoult's readings, met her, and got her autograph. Cora would barely study or do homework, yet still aced tests and classes.

Cora was 16 the first time she tried heroin. Cora started to seclude herself from everyone and everything, well before she even dropped out of school. She then attempted suicide in her high school's gym locker room with her best friend. From that point on, the bullying started. People made fun of her for trying to take her life and as a result she started to self harm, and cut herself. This led to more bullying. When she was younger, Cora was a cheerleader and a dancer. Cora quit dance when she was young because she wanted to spend more time with friends. Cora eventually went to an all star gym for maybe a week, only to quit when she felt secluded because she "wore too much eyeliner" and was "too goth".

Cora left Rhode Island to enter a treatment center in Florida and moving in with her grandparents afterward. Cora later moved back to Rhode Island and moved in with a new boyfriend; one who tried everything he could to help keep her sober and off of heroin.

Cora found a way out to get the drugs while her boyfriend was at work, causing fights with her boyfriend, who was trying to help her. Cora then moved in with her aunt and got a job—only to use when she got her first paycheck. She had been back Rhode Island for only 52 days. On the night of Friday, August 5, 2016, Cora was to go out with her friend. As the friend sat in the driveway waiting for Cora, she called me in a panic because Cora wouldn't answer the door or her phone and everything was locked to the house. Everyone was afraid to call 911, because if Cora wasn't using again she would be mad that we didn't trust her.

Cora was found by her cousin in the upstairs bathroom of her aunt's house. The safest place she could possibly be. He called 911. Even Narcan didn't work this time as it had eight times before. She became one of the 129 on August 5, 2016. Our lives are forever changed.

KENT EDWARDS—PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Kent Edwards, 18 years old, died of an accidental prescription drug overdose in 2003. One night during his sophomore year of high school, Kent called his mother to say that he was out with some friends and wasn't coming home that night. He was calling because he didn't want to worry his mother, but when they hung up she knew something was wrong. Kent's mother waited for him when he came home at 6:00 a.m.

Life changed for the Kent's family that morning. Kent went to the doctor and tested positive for substances. His family restricted and monitored Kent's activities. They made a lot of changes that next year and Kent adjusted fairly well. He transferred schools and graduated with ease. Kent got a job he loved and spent time with his friends and family. His family thought they had dodged the bullet—Kent didn't want to be addicted to drugs so they mistakenly thought they were in the clear. It seemed that all was well, but Kent's family didn't know any better.

Before Kent turned 18, he was scheduled to have his wisdom teeth removed. His mother

filled the prescription before his surgery. As she was looking at the bottles, she noticed that one of them had fewer pills in it than the other. When she confronted Kent about it he admitted to having taken some.

She asked Kent why and his answer was chilling. He asked his mother to think about a time in her life when she had felt "Great"—"The Best." When she nodded Kent said, "The first time you get high, it's better than that. It feels so good that you want to feel that way again—only it's physically, chemically impossible." He explained how the drugs alter your brain chemistry and why people take more and increase their frequency of use in an attempt to get back to the feeling of that first high.

On a Monday in September, 2003, there was a knock on the Kent's family's door and soon they heard the words: "Your son has died."

Kent and two other kids crushed some Oxycontin and washed them down with beer. Kent got sleepy and the other two left. As Kent slept, the drug slowed his respiratory system down until it stopped completely. His roommate found him the next day—already gone.

DYLAN BRADLEY PEARSON—SAINT FRANCIS, MINNESOTA

On March 11, 2013, Dylan's mother found out that her only child was using heroin at the age of 18. By the time she found out, heroin had already gotten ahold of him. Over the next year, Dylan was charged with two felonies related to his addiction. He was admitted to three different treatment centers. In May of 2014, while Dylan was staying in a treatment center that he had been furloughed to, Dylan's mother received a phone call from one of his friends saying that Dylan had overdosed and was in the ER. Not knowing whether Dylan was alive or dead made the drive to the ER one of the worst drives in her life. Luckily Dylan survived, but 36 hours after being admitted to the hospital, he was sent to jail for 30 days.

When Dylan was released from jail, he began the same routine of using. Dylan's family tried to help him and keep him at home but there was nothing they could do. They were so desperate that at one point they took turns sitting in front of his room, but when his mother got up for a second, Dylan sprinted out the back door. They were helpless. His parents never gave Dylan money but they let him live at home. Dylan's mother talked to him every single day about his addiction and told him much she loved him. Dylan didn't want to live the life he was leading but he didn't know how to stop.

In October of 2014, Dylan agreed to go to a treatment center. The moment he arrived, Dylan didn't want to be there anymore. When he walked out of the center, Dylan's mother refused to bring him home. So Dylan partied for a few days in a hotel with some other kids that had been kicked out of the treatment center for using. Dylan then went to a halfway house and waited there while he tried to get into another treatment facility. Dylan received his completion certificate from this treatment center on January 17, 2015, and was 90 days clean.

Dylan tried so hard to stay clean but within a week of being home, he stumbled again. Dylan went to court and was going to be put on probation. Things seemed like they were going to be okay. On the afternoon of January 30th, Dylan's friend called because he needed to get rid of the rest of his dope before he went into treatment. Dylan's mother could tell Dylan was high when she got home from work, but he hung out with her all night and they had fun. Dylan seemed fine when she told him she loved him and went to bed after midnight.

Dylan went to bed and never woke up. He died on January 31st, 2015. In his bed. In his parent's house. His parent's worst nightmare came true—their only child was dead.

Dylan's mother doesn't remember much about that day, but she does know that her life will never be the same. Every day when she walks into her house, she sees Dylan's shoes sitting on the floor where he kicked them off and his jacket draped across the banister where he left it. They will never have another one of our midnight snacks. Dylan will never have the chance to get married, have kids, travel, and do all of the things that a 19 year old should be experiencing.

Dylan was quiet, but when he did talk, he was funny. He was a good athlete, loyal, handsome and genuine. Dylan and his mother always knew what the other was thinking and we talked—good talks—all the time. Near the end of his life, his mother sent him what seemed like thousands of texts just making sure that he was ok.

Dylan's mother keeps thinking that she will wake up and all of this will have been a dream. She cannot put into words the pain that this loss has caused her family. Today, her mission is to help change the system that we currently have. This epidemic has killed too many young men and women. Let's do all we can to help people with substance use disorder access the treatment they need, break the stigma surrounding addiction, and make some real change.

HONORING BATTALION CHIEF  
MICHAEL WINK

HON. MIKE THOMPSON

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. THOMPSON of California. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor CalFire Battalion Chief Michael Wink, whom I have named a 2016 Public Safety Hero of the Year for Lake County in California's 5th Congressional District. This award is given to exceptional members of our community who perform beyond their duty as a public servant.

A native of our Napa Valley, Battalion Chief Wink attended the Santa Rosa Junior College Firefighter Academy and served as Academy Class Leader. He then attended the CalFire Academy and began working on assignments across the state. In addition, Battalion Chief Wink is a certified Emergency Medical Technician and has earned numerous technological and incident management certifications. Battalion Chief Wink currently serves as a CalFire Battalion Chief for Lake County.

Our community knows firsthand the value of Battalion Chief Wink's leadership. During the Clayton and Valley Fires, Battalion Chief Wink led a large team and acted quickly to help protect our community. His leadership undoubtedly limited the damage sustained by our Lake County community during those devastating fires.

Mr. Speaker, I thank Battalion Chief Wink for his dedication to our community's safety. For this reason, it is fitting and proper that I honor him here today.